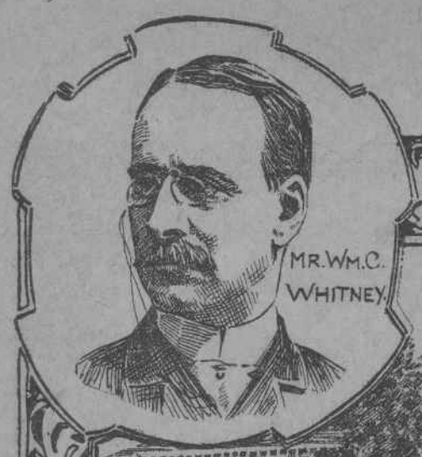
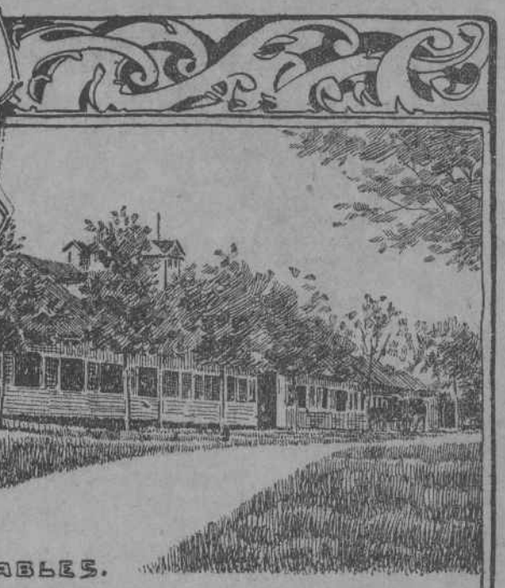
MR. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY'S PRIVATE RACE TRACK TO AMUSE HIS INVALID WIFE.

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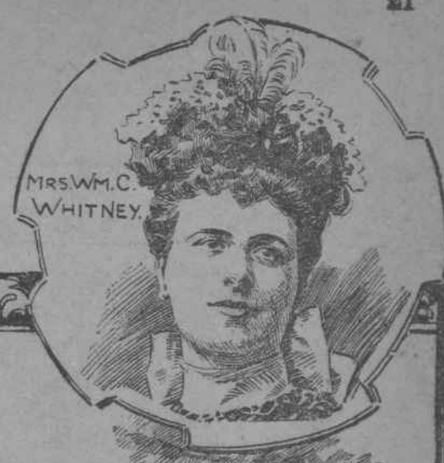
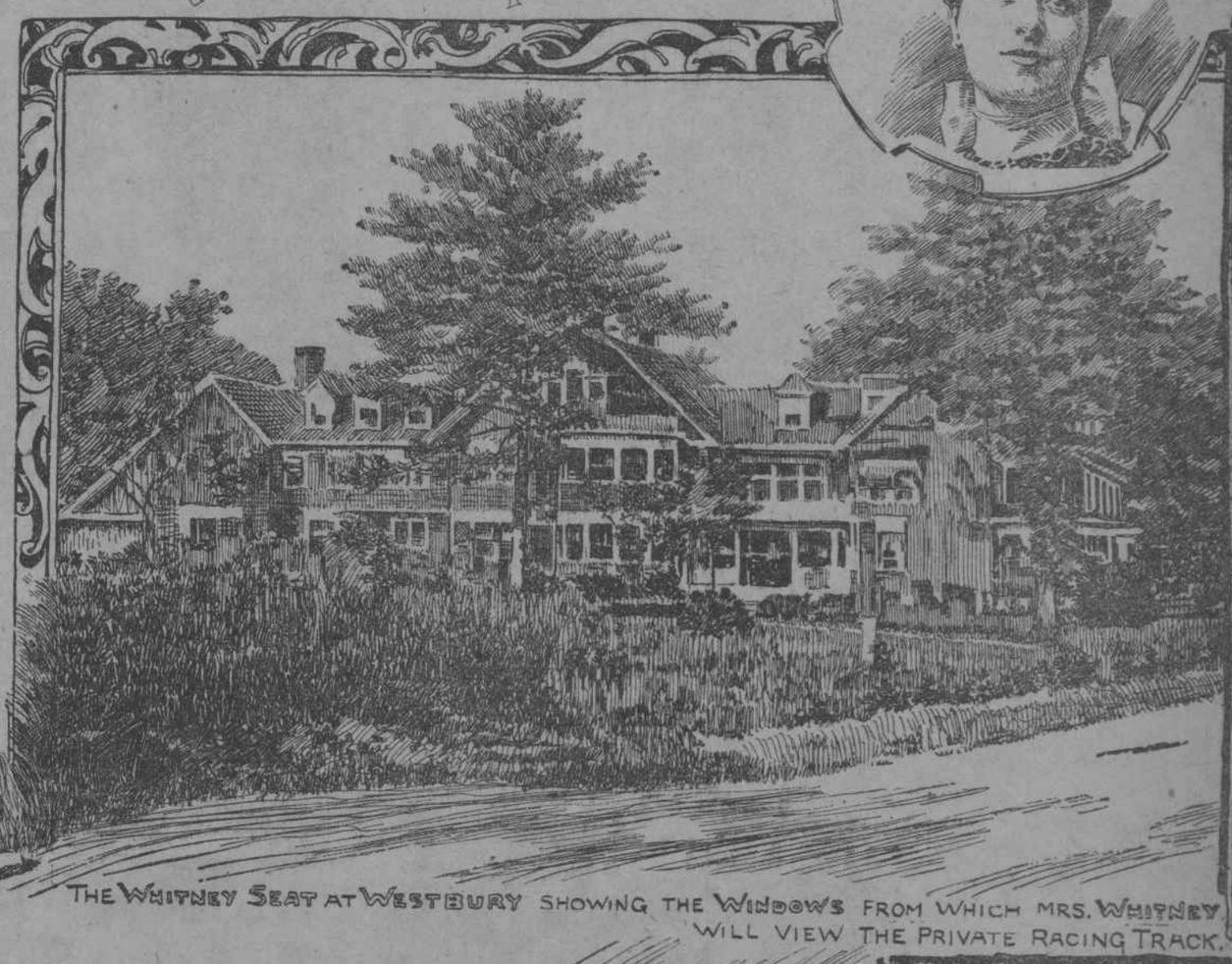


The Latest Invention of a Devoted Husband to While Away the Tedium of His Wife's Illness as She Lies Looking Out of the Windows at Westbury, While Confined to Her Couch.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR THE SUNDAY JOURNAL.


THE WHITNEY SEAT AT WESTBURY SHOWING THE WINDOWS FROM WHICH MRS. WHITNEY WILL VIEW THE PRIVATE RACING TRACK.


THE PRIVATE RACING TRACK AT WESTBURY, LONG ISLAND.

When Mrs. William C. Whitney met with the distressing accident last Spring that came so near resulting fatally, her husband threw aside all his great affairs of politics and finance and devoted his entire energy and resources to caring for her. He chartered a special train of Wagner palace cars and brought her to New York in charge of a staff of eminent specialists and a score of nurses and attendants. He caused their town house to be made a bower of her favorite flowers on her return to it. At the approach of Summer she was conveyed in a luxurious ambulance carriage, made especially for the purpose, to the train at Long Island City, where a special train carried her to their country home at Westbury.

In July another removal by special train was made to Bar Harbor, with still more elaborate devices and luxuries for the invalid's comfort. The return trip was made a week ago on the steam yacht Sagamore, five days being occupied in making the trip to Glen Cove, Long Island, where a special train was again in waiting to convey the party to the Whitney place at Westbury. On her arrival there Mrs. Whitney found the pleasant surprise of a private race track, which had been built during her absence, at her thoughtful husband's direction, for her autumn recreation, which she might enjoy while still confined to her couch. This page is devoted to photographic reproductions of this race track, so devised that Mrs. Whitney can watch from her sick room the Whitney-Paget horses racing and the story of how the track was arranged to afford her one of her greatest amusements—the very one, by the way, in which this superb equestrienne nearly wrecked her life.

MR. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY has provided a new diversion for his beautiful wife, who suffered an almost fatal accident while in a hunt at Aiken, S. C., last Winter.

It is a private race track, within full view of Mrs. Whitney's window, at their country home at Westbury, L. I.

Here are run spirited races between the blooded colts of the famous Whitney-Paget stables while the eager onlooker is the beautiful woman who, until this year, was one of the most expert whips and huntresses of New York's society.

Unable to leave her couch, or even to rise to a sitting position, she can now enjoy, through her husband's thoughtful provision, the sport of which she is most fond.

It was during her absence at Bar Harbor in the Summer that Mr. Whitney devised the plan for this private race and trailing track. Engineers and laborers were set to work to construct a five-furlong oval track within a hundred yards of the invalid's window.

No greater delight could have been provided for her. Horses and riding, driving and racing have always been her chosen sports. She loves the handsome animals of the Whitney-Paget racing stable, as most women do household pets.

During these Autumn days, at the season when she used to find her fondest recreation in attending the Fall races, she now has the rare pleasure of seeing the same scenes enacted for her especial benefit beneath her window. Seven of the most likely colts of the Whitney-Paget stable have been brought to the farm at Westbury, and are being trained on this track.

The spacious Whitney country seat at Westbury, called Wheatley, is as restful a retreat as could be imagined. It is miles away from any railroad, and nestles amid the stretches of woodland and fields of a thousand acre estate. The house is an old manor once owned by the wealthy Quaker Motts. In remodelling and equipping it with modern comforts, Mr. Whitney has preserved the old outlines which are so much in keeping with the surroundings.

The interior is the ideal of country comfort. The visitor steps from the covered driveway upon a veranda with slender white columns. The door opens into a reception hall with floor of quartered oak and woodwork enamelled in white. An old-fashioned fireplace is at one side, but instead of homely brick it is built of handsome Numidian marble brought from Africa. The mantel is of white enamelled pine.

At the left of this hall is the large living room with walls decorated in green, and in the centre is a billiard table. The bay window is filled with flowers giving a conservatory effect. East of this room is the library with the walls hung with cretonne.

The dining-room is to the right of the reception hall, and looks out upon the flower garden and woodland on the west. With its spaciousness and fittings it is admirably suited to big house parties. It has an old style fireplace with a setting of handsome rare old Irish marble and brass andirons over a century old.

The stairway which leads up from the reception hall to the second floor has handsome balustrades of American mahogany. On the second floor the rooms are laid in Georgia pine. There are eighteen chambers for the family and guests, and as many more for servants.

The most spacious room on the second floor is that of the mistress of the mansion. With its large bay window and smaller ones leading out upon a veranda, it commands a splendid sweep of vision to the west and south. Just beneath is the carefully kept flower garden with sanded paths. Beyond is a rise of ground on which the new race track has been laid out, its graceful oval being in full view. Beyond this is a background of forest now tinged with October hues.

It is in the big window of this room that Mrs. Whitney sees the spirited training and racing of the young runners on the track. Supported on an inclined couch she is the picture of restful comfort. Only the pallor of the usually blooming cheeks and the weary look in the lustrous eyes tell of suffering heroically borne.

But for hours at a time she keeps this favorite position in the window, her eyes following every movement on the track of her favorite colts, and her face beaming radiantly as she sees the spirited speed contests of the promising youngsters.

All that a devoted husband's thoughtfulness, coupled with unbounded wealth, could avail has been done for Mrs. Whitney during her seven months' period of invalidism.

After the painful accident to his beautiful wife at Aiken, S. C., last February, resulting in a fracture of the bones of the neck, Mr. Whitney summoned two of the most eminent specialists from New York, Dr. Bull and Dr. Dana, on special trains, to attend her at his Southern home.

When she was sufficiently recovered, in April, to permit of being removed North he chartered a special train of Wagner palace cars, one of them being converted into a sumptuous hospital car for the delicate sufferer. During that long thousand-mile journey the Whitney special had the right of way over all other traffic. The invalid to whom the slightest jar was torture rested on a novel bed with a soft water mattress. A score of nurses and attendants, besides a whole staff of physicians, watched over her every moment of the journey.

Upon her arrival at her New York home the helpless mistress of it found it resplendent with the rarest and costliest flowers, provided by the forethought of her husband and friends. A month later Mr. Whitney planned another trip for his wife to relieve the terrible monotony of her days of absolute quiet, she being still unable to move a muscle. This time it was to his Long Island home at Westbury.

The trip from the New York residence to the ferry and railroad station at Long Island City was made in a luxurious ambulance carriage, which had been built especially for this purpose. The same care had been taken in preparing the private car for the occasion. A portion of the side was removed and the invalid on her couch lifted in as gently as in being carried from one room to another.

When the air of Long Island became too warm for comfort, still another journey was planned by the anxious and devoted husband. This time it was to their Summer seaside home at Bar Harbor, Me.

Never did royal subjects ever bear the chair of their queen with greater care than did the group of marines lift the couch of the pale sufferer and carry her aboard ship at Rockland. Over quiet waters and at slackened speed the yacht moved to Bar Harbor, where the same sedulous pains placed Mrs. Whitney comfortably in her favorite home. Here she had been first led as a bride in all the glory of her health and wonderful beauty, two years ago, by her proud husband.

The bracing winds of the Northern Sea and the fragrant pine-clad hills did wonders for the frail woman, and a touch of color came back to her white face at times. Then Mr. Whitney prepared for the Fall home coming.

It was the most trying of all the invalid's journeys. For this time an element was encountered that no human power could subdue. Afloat in the palatial yacht Sagamore the boisterous winds and swells of September seas drove the craft to seek repeated refuges in sheltered harbors.

Five days were consumed in making Glen Cove, Long Island. It was with infinite care that the fond husband again bore her back to the quiet rest of the country home at Westbury.

Here he had in readiness the new delight and surprise for his wife, the private race track in plain view from her windows.

But beside this Mr. Whitney still gives his personal care to his wife, reading to her morning and evening, and discussing with her topics which interest her most. He takes but one or two hurried trips to New York each week, and hastening back to his wife's side provides some new comfort and diversion for her. Her progress is infinitely slow, but the anxious watchers over her believe it is sure.

A LEAF FROM THE OLDEST BIBLE MANUSCRIPT IN EXISTENCE.

THERE has been found the fac-simile of a page from the oldest manuscript of the New Testament in existence. It was discovered in Egypt only a day later than the famous Logia, or Sayings of Jesus, which created such a sensation last year. Found by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt, the explorers of the Egypt Exploration Fund, it has just been published in England.

Although but a single page from the Gospel of Matthew, it is of great importance because it was written not later than 200 A. D. The oldest manuscript hitherto known is that in the Vatican Library, belonging to the fifth century.

Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, the librarian of the British Museum, is convinced from the character of the writing found on this fragment and the abbreviations for the words "Jesus," "Christ" and "Son," also found in the Logia, that it must have been written in the second century, probably as early as 150 A. D. This puts into our hands practically a leaf copied from the New Testament that was used in the days of Polycarp and by that band of confessors and martyrs who listened to the preaching of St. John.

This leaf torn from a New Testament seventeen centuries ago, written at least fifty years earlier, agrees most remarkably with existing texts showing that the Christians of the second century had virtually the same Gospels as those now in our possession, and this was only one generation removed from the Apostolic Age.

This torn and tattered leaf with the writing on one side almost obliterated is but a single generation removed from the Apostolic Age. It solves the doubts of scholars who have been unable to decide when the Gospels were written, some contending for an early date, others holding that they were not completed until very late, even the third century.

It is true that this is but one page of the Book of Matthew, yet it is suggestive of other greater discoveries to follow—for where one page has been found others probably lie behind. Even though but a few verses are legible, viz.: 1-9, 12 and 14-20 of the first chapter of Matthew, it is found to differ from the accepted text in one instance and to support it against its critics in another.

The received text has the proper name Booz, this leaf reads Boez. The critics, notably Westcott and Hort in the Revised Version, substituted Iobed for Obed, but here the lately discovered fragment supports the accepted text. These differences may appear very trivial to the ordinary reader, yet the difference of a single letter may change an entire verse, and thereby alter a whole doctrine. Some such results may be expected if other pages are found either among the unexamined manuscripts already discovered at Oxyrhynchus, or to be hereafter recovered from the sands of Egypt.

This leaf is remarkable for another reason. It evidently once formed part of a sheet in a papyrus book. This had originally been folded to make two leaves, but of one of these only a small portion is left, containing on the recto the beginnings of three lines written in good-sized uncials, as the primitive capital Greek letters are called. The second leaf is tolerably complete, and is written on both sides in a smaller and probably different uncial hand.

A noteworthy fact is that the two sides of this leaf are numbered A and B, and it is also worthy of notice that the verse is uppermost. Most early manuscrips are not in this book form, but are written on long sheets of papyrus, sewn together and rolled up. This sheet is, therefore, unique, and in many ways it affords invaluable evidence of the early circulation of the Gospels.

WHY WE SHOULD NOT EAT MEAT.

A Plea For Vegetarianism by Professor Leo Wiener, of Harvard University.

PROFESSOR LEO WIENER, of Harvard University, comes forward with a new theory on vegetarianism, based on observation of animals. He says that the teeth and jaws of man are fashioned directly after those of the fruit and grass eating animals, instead of carnivorous animals. He also states that man's stomach is more like the herbivorous than the carnivorous animals. From this he proceeds to show that the human race will eventually be obliged to come to vegetarianism, because there will soon not be land enough left for cattle raising. He has written the following statement for the Sunday Journal:

By Professor Leo Wiener.

LOOKING at vegetarianism in the light of comparative anatomy it is self-evident that man was designed to be a vegetarian and nothing else. Quadrupeds are divided into classes according to their foods, and with the single exception of man no animal as a class has ever varied from the design of nature.

These classes are the carnivorous or flesh-eating, the fruit-eating, the grass-eating and the omnivorous. Each of these classes has distinctive organs adaptable to the digestion of the kinds of food it eats and to no other kinds.

Man has artificially become an omnivorous animal in spite of the fact that anatomically he is a fruit-eating animal. It is an amusing and significant fact that the only typical omnivorous animal is the pig. Man is trying hard to be a pig.

The carnivorous animals all have very short intestines, adapted only to the digestion of meat. They have only one stomach, and could not digest grass as the cow does. Their teeth are all long and sharp, so that they can tear meat, but they have no flat-topped teeth to grind vegetable foods as man has.

It has been said that the so-called "canine" teeth of man are like those of the carnivorous animal, and that this is an indication that man is an omnivorous animal. This is not correct. These are not canine teeth, strictly speaking. To be sure, they are somewhat pointed, but they are flat also—flat and pointed, and not round and pointed, like those of the carnivorous animals.

The grass-eating animals have several stomachs—from two to five—and very long intestines, specially adapted to the digestion of grass. They have also flat-topped teeth for grinding.

The fruit-eating animals are the only ones that resemble man. They have only one stomach and a medium length alimentary canal, halfway between that of the carnivorous and the grass-eating classes. The nearest animal to man is the monkey and the ape. They are fruit-eaters.

No meat-eating animal in the world has the horizontal movement of the lower jaw in eating as man has. This is proof positive that man is not a meat-eater, according to the design of nature. These arguments on the physical side of the question prove primarily that man is not physically adapted to the eating of meat.

From an economic standpoint it can easily be seen that man must sooner or later become a vegetarian. This is merely a question of time and a matter of room. The increase of civilization and of population gradually must do away with cattle raising because of the absolute demand for land for cultivation. In time the demand for room will kill the industry entirely.

When we eat meat we are eating the product of the earth at second hand. The vegetation has been eaten by the animal, and a large part of it converted into bone and tendon and wasted, and we eat only what is left and made into flesh.

To reduce the economic problem to figures: One acre of land which would furnish enough flesh to support one man would furnish enough grain to support ten men. Thus you see when the increased population causes an increased demand for food and for land on which to raise food; it will become necessary to raise that which is the most economic, in other words, that which will produce the most per acre.

The hygienic argument you can obtain from any reputable physician, who will tell you that meat-eating is heating to the blood, that it is especially a stimulant rather than a food, and that there is great danger of the transmission of various serious diseases from animal to man.

Meat-eating in the ideal stage is bad enough. If the animals that we eat were in all the health with which nature endows them, roaming wild and free over the open fields, with plenty of exercise, and permitted to choose of their own free will from the best of the various vegetable growths for their food, that would be one thing. But as civilization has advanced cattle are raised for the sole purpose of slaughter. They get little or no exercise.

Any veterinary surgeon will tell you that animals kept without exercise will contract and propagate various diseases which are practically unknown to them in their wild state. They are artificially fatted, and this kind of fat is not the sort of material which we should put into our bodies.

But it is the appalling character of the disease in meat which frightens us. Tuberculosis, one of the most common and fatal of diseases among cattle, causes great destruction of human life by consumption. A recent alarming spread of leprosy in Norway, Hawaii and the other fish-eating countries is traced directly by scientists to the eating of fish. In this case, to be sure, it is thought that the eating of the fish raw, instead of cooked, is what brings on leprosy, but the simple fact that the germs are there at all is sufficient.